Where on the ſodaine one hath wounded mee
Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
With in thy help and holy phiſicke lies,
I beare no hatred bleſſed man: for loe
My interceſsion likewiſe ſteades my foe.
Frier: Be plaine my ſonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſsion findes but ridling ſhrift.
Rom: Then plainely know my harts deare loue is ſet
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers likewiſe on mine,
And all combind, ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,
I'le tell thee as I paſſe: But this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.
Fri: Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline* whome thou didſt loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſooke, ſo yong mens loue then lies
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.
Ieſu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline*?
How much ſalt water caſt away in waſte,
To ſeaſon loue, that of loue doth not taſte.
The ſunne not yet thy ſighes from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,
And loe vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If euer thou wert thus, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline*,
And art thou changde, pronounce this ſentence then
Women may fal, when ther's no ſtrength in men.
Rom: Thou chidſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

Fr: For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.
Rom: And badſt me burie loue.
Fr: Not in a graue,
To lay one in another out to haue.
Rom: I pree thee chide not, ſhe whom I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fr: Oh ſhe knew well
Thy loue did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come yong Wauerer, come goe with mee,
In one reſpect Ile thy aſsiſtant bee:
For this alliaunce may ſo happie proue,
To turne your Houſholds rancour to pure loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.

Mer: Why whats become of *Romeo*? came he not home to night?
Ben: Not to his Fathers, I ſpake with his man.
Mer: Ah that ſame pale hard hearted wench, that *Ro-*
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad. (*ſaline*
Mer: *Tybalt* the Kinſman of olde *Capolet*
Hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers Houſe:
Some Challenge on my life.
Ben: *Romeo* will anſwere it.
Mer: I, anie man that can write may anſwere a letter.
Ben: Nay, he will anſwere the letters maſter if hee bee challenged.
Mer: Who, *Romeo*? why he is alreadie dead: ſtabd with a white wenches blacke eye, ſhot thorough the eare with a loue ſong, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-ſhaft. And is hea man to encounter *Tybalt*?
Ben: Why what is *Tybalt*?
Mer: More than the prince of cattes I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catſo, he